The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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The Blessing of Service.

New blessings every morning,
New blessings still at eve,
Our lives with goodness crowning,
We, as Thy gift, receive.
As are the stars in number,
As are the seashore sands,
So many are the bounties
Still flowing from thy hands.

But of thy gifts the sweetest,
The dearest, is that we,
Our selfish needs forgetting,
May work and give like Thee.
The world and all its sorrows
Our hearts, like Thine, can feel;
And we, as Thy co-workers,
Can teach and lift and heal.

Then to this holy mission
We pledge ourselves anew;
We give our minds to seeking,
Our hearts to love, the true.
And, grateful for Thy goodness,
We join with Thee to bring,
The day when, as in heaven,
Thou on the earth art King.

M. J. SAVAGE.

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so rare,
But the *love* that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the *heart* of the deed so fair.

"Be always patient and agreeable. If anyone has offended you, offer to God the pain you have suffered."
—FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Wells without Water.

A SERMON,

BY THE LATE REV. HENRY BONNER.

"These are wells without water."—2 PETER ii. 17.

The meaning of this figure is plain, though it does not speak to us with the force which it would have for those who first read this Epistle. A well in Eastern lands is a very precious thing. Those who live under a burning sky and have to cross burning deserts know the worth of water as we hardly can know it. They know the wells on the different routes; they are landmarks on the journey, and it is an event in the journey when they reach one. Travellers crossing the desert looked forward to reaching them; they were almost literally to them at times fountains of living water.

But suppose after a long journey under a cloudless sky, with the rays of the sun striking almost like swords, travellers should come to one of these wells and then find no water in it—how great the disappointment! A well without water! Something which holds out a promise which it does not fulfil. You come expecting to slake your thirst at it, and lo! it is dry. So, says my text, are some men; they are "wells without water."

The writer of the Epistle is speaking of men who seem to have made profession of the

faith, but who had fallen away from it in heart, while yet maintaining the profession. They had a place among Christians, but they had no religion. Not only so, they seem to have made their religion a cloak for evil doings; and the writer speaks strong words about them. He speaks of them as "cursed children." They were not what they seemed. They made professions to which their lives did not answer.

We do not to day attach sufficient importance to the profession of religion to produce men of this kind in great numbers. There is a great deal of failure among Christian men, but not much downright hypocrisy. At any rate it has not been my lot to meet many such men. Many of us make a lame thing of Christian living, but there is not so much hypocrisy as some think. Hypocrisy belongs to an age which attaches more importance to religion than our own age does.

But there are many to whom in another way the text applies. How many there are, men and women, who raise expectations they do not fulfil! They make promises, by something in them, which they do not redeem. You expect that they will do things; they give promise of doing them, and yet they do not do them. There are some men you expect little from; they do not stir expectation; they are men of one talent only—as most of us are. Sometimes such men surprise us by doing far more than we expected. We say of some men, "I did not think it was in him." But these other men you do expect something from. "There is something about that man," we say; "he has capacity; he will do something." And yet he does not.

We see it in almost every line of life. Here is a young man who has good business ability. You say of him as he stands at the beginning of the race, "He will do." You feel sure that he will in a few years establish himself and succeed. But he does not. He has no misfortunes; things seem to go all right with him, but the expectations formed of him are not realised. Ten or twenty years after he has started it is said of him, "He was a young fellow of promise, but somehow he has not done much." But it is in other directions than these that disappointments in men are more marked. A certain kind of life or work or influence seems easily within their reach; they give promise of it, but they do not reach it. There are men who have gifts which would enable them to be eminently useful. You think as you come in contact with them, "How much good that man could do; what help he could render in this or that enterprise!" He seems to have the very qualities you need in the work. And maybe he thinks about it, and eventually puts his hand to it. But he is not the strength you expected. His gifts do not tell as you thought they would. It is not that he has not the qualities you thought he had. He has them. But the man himself, somehow, does not count for so much as he ought. The work does not move the more easily or swiftly for his help. Or you see men who have all the qualities for exercising influence over their fellow-men. They have attainments and accomplishments. They are cultivated men, they know many things. They are kindly disposed, they have no sharp angles about them. But somehow they are not the power among men you expect them to be; they do not wield the influence which it seems to you they ought to wield.

One has met men who seemed to have all kinds of possibilities in them—nature had been liberal with them. You had the feeling they could do almost anything if they would only turn their mind to it; they have facility and capacity. Some men of this sort fail or spoil their lives through some wilfulness or recklessness—like Lord Byron, for example. But it is not those cases I am speaking of now. I am speaking of men who have fine gifts, no vice in them; good intentions, and yet they bear no adequate fruit. You say, "It is in them; why does it not come out? Why don't they do more, and give more, than they do?"

How many unfulfilled lives there are! There is a sense in which it is true of all our lives: they are unfulfilled lives; we do not do all we might. There are few of us who, at forty or fifty, can look back on our life and say, "I have done the best; I have, by the grace of God, made the best of myself." But

it is the other sort of unfulfilled life which is the sadder. Talents never used or not put to their best use, fires laid but never kindled, work which might have been done left undone, help which might have been given yet not given. One of the things in nature which seem sad to us, with our partial knowledge of the reasons for it, is the waste we see. Tennyson says of nature, that "of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear." But there is no waste so sad as that which goes on in men; no waste so sad as the waste of manhood. Useless men, except for all the lower offices of life, who might be useful men; men with no influence who ought to be powers for good among their fellows; men walking in darkness who should be full of light and giving light to others—they are like buds which never open, blossoms which never turn to fruit.

What is it that these men need to fill out their lives, to make them fruitful? They have their gifts, their powers, their opportunities. What is it they need beside?

One thing which some men need is earnestness. Earnestness—that does not seem much. But it is much. He was a wise man who said, "Earnestness is life." One thing which spoils many a man's life is indolence—I mean moral indolence—It is harder to be fervent in spirit than diligent with the hand. Many men who are diligent enough in business, who would count indolence there a vice, shrink from a like earnestness in the inward life. If you get close to them, you feel that they are slack at the fountain, the fire is burning but feebly, and sometimes they let it die out. It is hard to keep the sacred fires of life always fed, always burning, yet that is one of the secrets of true living. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." A fruitful life can never come from a cold heart. We can never do much, we shall never do what we might do, unless we have care about the best, and are indeed intent on it. Should not some of us have to admit, were we to look into our hearts, that the secret of our unfulfilled lives lies largely here? We are unequal, or at least indisposed, to make the effort or incur the cost which steady, continuous earnestness involves. Earnestness is in our own keeping. There are ways in which we can kindle it, there are ways in which we can keep it burning.

Are we in earnest? Do we think that it matters how we live? What a transformation it works in some of those men of whom I have been speaking, when they begin to think and care about things earnestly! Their lives become fruitful, they seem *more* themselves.

It is saying much the same thing in a different way when we say that what some of these men need is more purpose in their life. A man may have any number of gifts, he may have five talents, be full to his finger tips of faculty, but he will make little of his powers without aim, purpose. A poor purpose even, which a man steadily pursues, raises the pitch of his life; it gives more substance to it, it makes it more positive. And a high purpose, such as religion calls us to, welds the life together, and raises every power a man has.

You have seen a ship riding at anchor. It is in motion constantly, but it does not move half a dozen yards in all its motion. It is always at the same place, all its cords are slack, its sails flap idly against the wind. But loose it from its anchor, and let the pilot take the wheel and set it for some far haven, and what a thing of life and power it becomes! So let a man have some purpose great enough for him as a man, let him set himself mind and heart and will to it, and there is not a faculty in him which does not come into action and bear its fruit.

And then, deepest of all, we need to let the life of God flow into us. Do not let that pass over your minds as a meaningless phrase. It is the deepest truth about this matter. No life will ever fulfill itself apart from God, apart from God in us. Man cannot *live* by himself. He must bring himself to the fountain, and keep himself there.

A man without contact with God is like the wood on the altar. It is dead till the fire touches it. Or to change the figure, men are like a fine organ. There is the organ, all its pipes and reeds in order, a wondrous instrument. But it is silent till the wind plays through it. All its fine powers are hidden. So is man silent till he lets in the divine

breath, the Holy Spirit. Or as a candle in some silver candlestick is dark till the light gets hold of it, so man is dark till the light of God shines into him. A diamond in a dark room is no more than a bit of glass. You must get the light on to it and into it. The best watch you can have is nothing till it is wound up. So with man; he wants light and power from above before he can live his life at its best. Nothing so fertilizes a man's endowments, nothing quickens men and makes them useful in the world like religion. "Neglect not the gift that is in thee."

A Play upon Surnames.

A city directory, however useful for business purposes, is hardly likely to be regarded by the general reader as a particularly attractive volume. Yet to the curious, it will yield an astonishing amount of information and amusement. The study of names can scarcely fail to afford some measure of interest. From the directory of any large town one may easily collect an array of the oddest, most fantastic, and seemingly most inexplicable names, many of which, probably, he has never heard of before, and if these be marshalled in their various orders, the effect is at once striking, grotesque and instructive.

Let it be observed, in the outset, how many familiar surnames have been borrowed from the elements, the geographical features and products of the earth, the animal and vegetable kingdom; from the names of places, the various occupations of mankind, our conditions and characteristics, and even from our handiwork. Numerous experiments, such as the following, might be made to illustrate these peculiarities of our nomenclature. Let us try, for example, to compose a landscape by using a few of such surnames as have been derived from the geographical features of the country. There is no lack of material, and we may at once conjure up a scene of the most extensive and variegated description. Before us lie Hill and Dale, Wood and Forrest, Lake, Loch, Shore and Isles; Burns, Brooks and Firths; Glen, Garden, Grove, Corrie and Plain, Park and Ford; while the prospect may be further diversified by a House, an Abbey, a Church or Kirk, Greenfields, Bridges, Dykes, Gates, and, if you like, Fountains and even Cairns. To introduce a few more curiosities in connection with our picture, it may be observed that the scene will be all the more beautiful if viewed in Fairweather and not in Rainy, when the waters would probably be in Flood, overflowing their Banks, and making Pooles in the Field by the Burnside; and it is better seen on a Summers day than in Winter, when its charms might be shrouded in Frost and Snow or obscured in Fog.

From inanimate nature we also obtain such surnames as Slate, Flint, Brass, Steel, Irons (with their concomitant Rust), Silver and Diamond. The vegetable world also contributes. Among trees there are Rowan, Myrtle and Oakes, from which we have a Bough, a Twigg, and even the Shade they afford. From the kitchen-garden we get Beet and Leek; while among flowers we have the Rose, the Lillie, the Gowan, the Primrose and the Hyacinthe. Of fruits there are the Peach, the Berry; and, what must be interesting to botanists, a Newberry. In close connection with the foregoing are the Bird, the Bee, and the Grubb. Of surnames identified with the names of places, there is an almost endless variety.

The trades and professions are hardly less numerously represented. To select only a few of the more uncommon, we may mention Bishop, Preacher and Teacher; Sheriff, Judge and Constable; Farmer, Carter and Harrower; Joiner and Sawyer; Capper, Barber, and Cutler; Piper and Fidler, the latter with his Bow; the Drover with his Herd; the Shepherd with his Crooke; the Hunter with his Horn; the Player, for whom there is a Stage; the Officer on the March, with his Armour, Shields, Spears, Sword and Gun, and in front of him the Cannon; the Cook, who is of course provided with a Kitchen and an abundant supply of Potts, Kettles, and Ovens; the Diver with his Bell; the Painter with his stock-in-trade of Colours—Black, White, Green, Brown, Gray, Dun and Blues, and many other worthies who will doubtless occur to the Reader. It is interesting to find that the names and professions of individuals occasionally harmonise. You may find a Taylor who is a member of the sartorial brotherhood, a Wright who wields the saw and hammer, a Slater who is a slater, and a Mercer who is a mercer; and if there be anything in a name, what could be more suitable than Manners for a draper, or Gentle for a

dentist? For a dairy-keeper, however, Brooks may be thought rather suggestive, and Frost may appear somewhat frigid and repelling for a landlady.

Beasts and birds have lent their names to a numerous section of the human family. In our streets we may see Lyon and Lamb, Bullock, Cowe and Hog, Hart, Kidd and Fawns, Cob and Collie, Fox and Hare. But the feathered tribe comes much more prominently to the front. There are Eagle, Swan, Heron, Peacock, Drake, Woodcock, Crow (whose Caw is not denied us), Dove, Parrot, Starling, Martin, Swallow, Nightingale, Finch, Robin and Wren. Of Fish, for which there is a Pond, we have Salmon, Pike, Eeles, Roach and Crabb, some of which a Fisher is attempting to Hook, using a Cockle for bait. He has, however, to Wade, and has long to Waite for a bite.

Coming to names obviously derived from men's own conditions, relationships and characteristics, we find such surnames as Child, Suckling, Bairnes, Fairbairns, Boys, Girle, Batchelor Mann, Gentleman, Husband, Bairnsfather, Cousin and Friend. Royalty and aristocracy are represented by King, Duke, Earl, Noble and Knight. Then we have Laird and Tenant, and another who is Landless. And if names afford any criterion of personal appearance, constitution, or temperament, we can have our tastes admirably suited in the choice of companions. There are Young and Old, High and Low, Long and Short, Stout, Thin, Slight, Large, Small and Little; Strong and Doughty, Smart, Sharp, Tough and Rough; Wise and Simple, Gentle and Meek, Good and Best. What a happy time we should have in the company of Messrs. Jolly, Blyth, Merry and Gay! Goodfellow, Playfair, Wiseman, Virtue, Peace and Caution would also be desirable guests; but Gaudy, Pryde, Gossip, Cross, and Craven should not be admitted. Messrs. Glass and Chrystal should be easily seen through, and Mr. Helm should be a useful man for steering one out of a difficulty. We should of course expect Dear, Darling, and Love to be very affectionate people; and Swift, Speed, Trotter, Hurry, and Hastie, should make excellent messengers. There are also a few names applying to different parts of the human body, as Bone, Legg, Shanks, Foot, Hair, Cruikshanks, Armstrong, Broadfoot, and Proudfoot.

Another class of curious surnames are those called after more or less familiar articles, as household utensils and domestic necessaries or luxuries. Some of these have already been mentioned in connection with the trades, but a large number remain, among which are Box, Broom, Fender, Buckle, Lock, Bolt, Barr, Comb and Key. The currency is represented by Cash, Money, Coyne, Crown, Dollar, Groat, Ducat and Penney; and in this group Cheape, Price, and Dearness may be alluded to. Of measures there are Gill, Gallon, Peck and Bushell. Talking of measures suggests that Mr. Dry would be much safer in the neighbourhood of Wells than within reach of Sherry or Porter; Mr. Drinkwater, however, would not Touch a Beveridge that would Hurte him. In another department of measurements we have Miles, Furlong, Inch, and Inches.

These curiosities do not by any means exhaust our List. We have still More. We have Moon and Stars, the former on the Wane. We have East and West, the undiscovered Pole, and the very Air we breathe. Mythology gives us Griffin, and Fairie, whose exploits enliven the Page of many a Story which we have Read or Heard. It is pleasant to have the Smiles of Fortune, which engender Hope and encourage us to Work with a Will, in which case we can hardly Fail. We not unnaturally look askance at people who Crouch in a Corner, Mutter and Ogle, are Given to Howling, or behave in other Strangeways; and it seems Hard to believe that we have really in sober seriousness to call respectable neighbours by such names as Pagan, Lawless, Conquergood, Loose, and Cram, or by such extraordinary appellatives as Gamgee, Inskip, Shirtsinger, Spinks, Tuting, Caskey, Dishington, Dott, Groundwater, Dowdy, Twatt, and Grummett. None of these are Common, but there are many equally remarkable which time and space compel us to Omit. To bring this somewhat rambling medley to a close, we may state, that as we must Early on the Morrow resume our Daily task—not being so Luckie as to enjoy the Boon of a Holiday—we shall now lay Down our Penn and retire to Sleep, trusting that if we Dream, it shall be in our own humble Chambers.

Many a one by being thought better than he was has become better.—*Jowett.*

Christianity the Religion of the Incarnation.

All criticism may be divided into two fundamental classes: that which seeks to elucidate the truth, and that whose object is to show the superiority of the critic. Of the first kind, Mr. Jacks' review of my little pamphlet is a perfect specimen; of the second, it is not particularly worth while to speak. But precisely because we are in search of truth, and not aiming at dialectical victories, I may perhaps be permitted to trespass upon the columns of the *Seed Sower* in an attempt to reply to one or two of the points raised by Mr. Jacks.

I will begin by answering the question with which the reviewer concludes. With two exceptions, the admittedly "striking quotations" from Martineau in support of my conclusions are all taken from no more inaccessible a source than the two sermons on "Christ the Divine Word" in vol. II. of the "Hours of Thought," which represent the matured convictions of our great saint and thinker. Thus when Mr. Jacks quotes me as maintaining that in Christ God was *personally there*, he is in reality quoting Martineau—italics and all. Now for the exceptions: the extract on p. 11, beginning "It is as the type of God, &c.," is taken from the fifth lecture in the volume called forth by the Liverpool controversy, and though thus belonging to an earlier date, its tenor is exactly the same as that of the sermons just referred to. The one on p. 10, beginning with "In Christ alone is the reconciliation perfect between the human and the Divine," I have been unable to trace; I am indebted for it to Mr. Odgers' important paper on "Dr. Martineau and Unitarian Christianity," where also occur the following interesting words: "The person of Christ is not merely that of an historical individual inserted into humanity to furnish an example; *he stands*," says Martineau, "*for the living union of God with our humanity.*" Is it not significant that in 1839 and in 1879, in the vigour of manhood and in serene old age, Martineau uses words of identical purport upon this great theme?

When Mr. Jacks "entirely fails to see how the Infinite 'can be manifested on the finite scale,'" he again dissents, not from any notion of mine, but from the view which Martineau held as early as in his Liverpool period, and as late as when he published the "Hours of Thought:" "God-like qualities, being simply intense in beauty and not mathematically large, can glow within the human limits as clearly as in the scale of infinitude. If there is to be any expression of the Divine *character* at all, it can only be through the lineaments of an *individual soul*, passing through a *concrete and particular life*." * Martineau may be mistaken, and Mr. Jacks right; I merely confess that to me it appears that Martineau is nearer the truth when he asks: "What hinders a limited nature being filled throughout and pervaded by the unlimited?" And since, moreover, Mr. Jacks himself in this very article speaks of "*the infinite in us*," the difficulty in his own mind would not appear to be insuperable.

Again, we may be, as Mr. Jacks suggests, "deceiving ourselves by this notion of mediated knowledge": it is Martineau, not I, who speaks of Christ as "a mediatorial mind," as one who "stands openly between our thought and God." But is the notion of mediated knowledge really an illusion? To me, I own, the opposite notion of "*im*mediate knowledge" appears an utterly illusive one, and that on grounds which, though Mr. Jacks correctly indicates the aims of my pamphlet as being "practical rather than philosophical," must, I fear, be described by the latter epithet. As little as we can know even material things as they are in themselves, but only through the subjective media of time and space, and further coloured by the equally subjective "forms" or categories of the mind, so little—nay, much less can we know God save through the medium either of experience, or "of the universe which is His mirror, or through the mediation of one of His children, who is in fuller communion with Him than we are, and therefore manifests Him more mightily than we do, until the manifestation reaches its height in that Son of God and Son of Man in whom was the fulness of the prophetic spirit and the filial life." (Thom, "Christ the Revealer," p. 112).† The idea that the knowledge of God cannot be mediated has elsewhere found utterance among us of late;

* Loc. cit.; italics Martineau's.

† Dr. Stopford Brooke in his recent Council Sermon goes much further, when he says: "*All we know of God, we know through man;* and it was fitting that mankind should have at least one perfect disclosure of His character and of His love to us."

I can only reply with due deference that that idea seems to me as contrary to plain fact as it is opposed to true philosophy.

Mr. Jacks asks whether, seeing that according to me exceptional men may "know God," it is so vain a thing to plead with men to raise themselves to the now exceptional level. My answer is, firstly, that I did not say that even exceptional men may "know God," but that I spoke of "some exceptional and prophetic souls among us, having a clearer and less intermittent vision of God than the immense majority of their fellow-men"—a far less sweeping and absolute statement. But, further, supposing for argument's sake, that a few men have found it as easy to approach God apart from Christ as through him, yet I question the wisdom of the attempt to make all the rest of us perform the same spiritual feat; I question the possibility of the feat itself. To begin with—and arguing, of course, on the assumption that God did in Christ give an immeasurably fuller manifestation of Himself than elsewhere—is it not somewhat ungrateful to refuse this means of grace, this road of access, and to persist in finding out other roads for ourselves? Does there not seem in this refusal even something not unlike spiritual self-will? May it not be that we have yet in this respect to learn the meaning of "walking humbly with our God," *i.e.*, accepting the revelation *He* has seen fit to give us? I am writing with a deep sense of the solemnity of my theme; yet in the midst of it I cannot help remembering a certain popular saying, about a "short cut" being in some instances the longest way round.

Secondly, I question the possibility of the feat itself; we are not all *esprits forts*, not all Wordsworths or Isaiahs — if I may quote a phrase I have previously used. The assumption that it is possible for all men to find rest in abstract theism, is the one we have largely gone on for a generation or more, with results the reverse of encouraging. To say this is, I know, regarded as a kind of high treason; nevertheless I believe it to be a very melancholy truth. I would yet once more point out that such spiritual minds as Thom and Martineau ever felt the need of supplementing their "natural" knowledge of God by that revealed in Christ. John Hamilton Thom, writing of "The Spiritual Unity of God Reflected in Christ," confesses that we have "no direct access to the whole character of the invisible God," and says, "We wanted, then, what God in Christ has given us, a spirit that . . . could collect into one living character all the lineaments of God that are in us, and so hold before us the Divine Image in the full power of its attraction." ("Christ the Revealer," pp. 121, 123). Similarly Martineau: "The attempt to extinguish an historical and personal revelation [such as that given in Christ] beneath the immensity and eternity of the universe, implies a misconception of the thing revealed. . . . 'The heavens declare the *glory* of God, and the firmament sheweth His *handy work*.' But the stars are cold, and reflect no rays of love; their courses are steadfast, and answer not the pulses of our passion and our prayers; their spaces are still, and calm as the wilderness." ("Hours of Thought," Vol. II., pp. 213, 214). And hence he goes on to infer the need for Christ. One more witness to this need I may be allowed to cite; it is the late Principal Caird, and the passage, occurring in his volume of sermons, has only quite recently come under my notice. He says:—"The devout heart yearns after a Personal God. It craves for something more than the works of God, however replete with proofs of His power and glory; it wants to get near Himself. But Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience, Being without form or place, Existence without beginning or end, these in their very sublimity constitute a notion which tends to repel rather than to attract. Our mortal feebleness shrinks from it in trembling awe. The heart cannot feed on sublimities. We cannot make a home of this cold magnificence. We cannot take Immensity by the hand. Now, that which is thus the deep-felt want of our natures, is most fully and adequately met in Jesus Christ." I confess my entire disbelief in the theological policy which would attempt to persuade humanity at large to give up that which John Hamilton Thom, James Martineau, and John Caird declared their inability to do without.

One final remark, beside a word of cordial thanks to Mr. Jacks, the only one of my critics who has taken the pains to understand my meaning, which I, on my part, tried hard to

render plain. We must make up our minds, each of us, where we stand in this matter; we must in candour cease pointing to Martineau as our chief representative if, as a matter of fact, we have abandoned his views on Christ.* It may be hard to surrender the great name of Martineau, but if his views on a topic of such surpassing importance are no longer ours, then I do not see what other choice we have but to repudiate him frankly as our authoritative teacher. If this is to be the next step in liberal theology, the further question—"Whitherward?" will be asked with a curiosity not unmingled with apprehension.

J. WARSCHAUER.

Reflected Lights.

Across the slowly dark'ning sky
The sun has flung its banner bright,
And fairer than its noontide ray
Seems its reflected evening light.

In soft green meadows, quiet pools
Left by the overflowing streams
Reflect again from distant clouds
The radiance of the sunset beams.

Into our hearts and on our way
The glow from sunset cloud descends,
And like a mother o'er her babe
June's tender sky above us bends.

Like evening sky by sunset beams
Our lives are touched by love divine,
And all our common lesser lives
With its reflected glory shine.

Then may our lives reflect aright
The light divine upon them shed,
And by their glow may tempted souls
Be from temptation safely led.

So in our hearts and on our way
In noontide glare or sunset glow,
Reflected rays of love shall lie
And brighten all the way we go.

M. A. JENNEY.

* A revered correspondent, indeed, makes a suggestion with regard to the quotations given by me, to the effect that Martineau, "like most of us preachers," used language "in the pulpit" about Christ, such as did not represent his "calm and deliberate judgment." From such an explanation I can only say that I shrink in incredulous amazement; I decline to believe that either Martineau, or "most of us preachers," can be justly charged with pulpit insincerity. The passages in question are not disposed of by this strange exegetical method.

Inscriptions

FROM THE OUTER SIDES OF A MAUSOLEUM RECENTLY ERECTED IN THE PARSI CEMETERY AT BROOKWOOD, WOKING.

East Side:—

(*a*) "I am Nowrosjee Nashirwangee Wadia, of the ancient Aryan race of Persia, a citizen of the loyal town of Bombay, who lies here peacefully under the far-off sky of wide-famed Britain."

(*b*) "Thou Who openest the Gate of the Morning to the Ascending Sun. O Thou Sun of Righteousness, arise with Healing in Thy Wings, and lift up the Light of Thy Countenance upon us, that in Thy Light we may see Light."

South Side:—

"Those of our posterity who lovingly recall our Name, who in the dark months of the sunken Sun of Winter, sitting beside their household Fires reverently meditate on our Name, and when the Sun of Summer warms the Earth, offer to our disembodied Spirit the fragrance of flowers and fruit, and ever name us with a Blessing, them shall the Lord of All Grace and Glory, the Lord Ahuramazda, bless everlastingly."

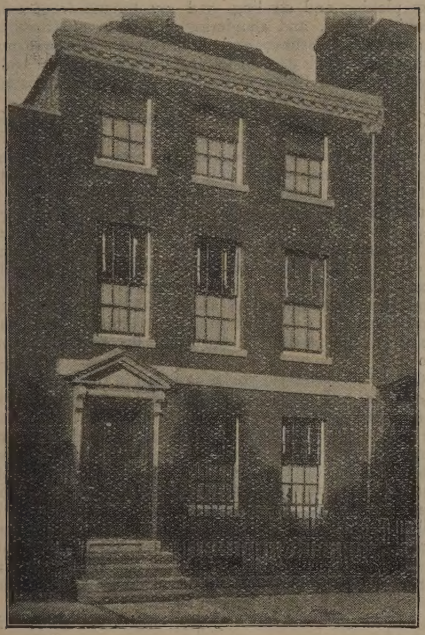
West Side:—

"Thou Who closest the Gate of the Evening on the Descending Sun. O Thou, in the ineffable brightness of Whose Coming the Darkness and the Light are both alike, descend into this Prison House and be with us through all the Night of Death, unto the Day that Thou receivest us into (?) the everlasting Blessedness of Thy heavenly Habitation, the Gates of which are never closed, for it is infinite Day there, and there is no Night there."

North Side:—

"O Thou, Who of Thy Own Power and Majesty fillest Infinity, high enthroned above all Height, from the Heaven of Heavens of Thy Splendour and Praise look down on us bound in bonds of this Horror of Darkness, and of Thy most pitiful Grace sustain and uphold us, and in the Multitude of Thy Mercy, at the last, when purged from the impurities of this mortal body, deliver us, Thou Whose Most Holy Name is The Father, The Comforter, The Redeemer, The Saviour of all Thy Children, and Who from everlasting to everlasting art the Lord God Omnipotent."

Our Social Work.



THE "JOHN POUNDS"

TRAINING HOME AND INSTITUTE FOR GIRLS.

The name and deeds of John Pounds, the founder of Ragged Schools, is well known to all our readers. The old print of the lame cobbler in his little house, with spectacles on his nose, and happy urchins round his knees, hangs on many walls. The famous speech of Dr. Guthrie, his successor, in which he handsomely acknowledges the converting effect of this print on his own life and career should be not less familiar. The chatty "Reminiscences" of the Rev. H. Hawkes, his minister, have extended our interest yet further; and the "Life," by D. B. Price, which ran through more than one edition, has been supplemented by the briefer "Memoir" by Mr. Henry Blessley, his worthy follower to-day.

In the original little wooden workshop where John Pounds, without knowing it, started the Ragged School movement, Mr. Blessley has for many years conducted a class for poor boys and girls, on Sunday afternoons, and maintained in other ways the traditions of the place. But he found that the girls, as they grew older, required other care; so a special class of elder girls was commenced by Mrs. Rogers, assisted by helpful friends. It, however, became evident that classes alone were insufficient to cope with the evil temptations of their environment, in which drink and immorality run riot.

Accordingly, three years ago, a house was taken in St. Thomas's Street, and turned into a Girls' Home and Institute, and there lies before me the third annual report of its truly Christian work. During the last year alone ten more girls were received into the home, nine were placed in respectable service, an outfit being provided in every case, and six are there at present. Various training agencies fill up the evening hours, including a Girls' Club for those employed in factories or workrooms, physical drill, a Band of Hope, and a "Snowdrop Band" to inculcate purity of word and thought.

Knowing Portsmouth well, and believing in those who are conducting this effort, I wish to commend, as a right object to help, this Training Home and Institute. Its aim is quite unsectarian, its need beyond question. Subscriptions, donations, or garments for the Clothing Guild, may be sent to Mrs. S. Rogers, 28, Osborne Road, Southsea. For the sake of John Pounds, and on the plea of Dr. Guthrie! "Though the cause was founded by *one* John Pounds, it should be, as it may be, supported and carried on by *many* pounds. Let John have a large family, and we will all go by the name of Pounds."

FRANK K. FREESTON.

God's Spirit brings what most man's spirit asks,—
The eternal motive to the finite day,
The highest purpose to the smallest tasks,
The stars themselves as lamps to light our way.
—Priscilla Leonard.

The English Catechism.

REVISED FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE IN FREE CHURCHES,

BY THE REV. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.

Question. What is your name?
Answer. N. or M.
Question. Who gave you this name?
Answer. My father and mother.
Question. What is your surname?
Answer. The name I share with my family.
Question. What is your Christian name?
Answer. The name which distinguishes me from the rest of my family, and marks me out as a separate member of the Christian household, and as a child of God different from all His other children.
Question. What should you do as a child of God?
Answer. I should renounce all evil works, the pomps and vanities of the world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; and I should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.
Question. What are the Ten Commandments?
Answer. The commandments given by Moses to the children of Israel, as related in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy.
Question. Let me hear you say them, in what was probably their original form.
Answer. 1. I am the Lord Thy God: thou shalt have none other Gods but me.
2. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, to bow down to it or worship it.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God invain.
4. Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy.
5. Honour thy father and thy mother.
6. Thou shalt do no murder.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
10. Thou shalt not covet.
Question. What do you chiefly learn by these and other commandments in the Bible?
Answer. I learn two things: my duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbour.
Question. What is your duty towards God?
Answer. My duty towards God is to believe in Him, to fear Him, and to love Him with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength; to worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him, to call upon Him, to honour His holy name and His word, and to serve Him truly all the days of my life.
Question. What is your duty towards your neighbour?
Answer. My duty towards my neighbour is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me; to love, honour, and succour my father and mother; to serve my country; to submit cheerfully to my teachers and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all men; to hurt nobody by word or deed; to be true and just in all my dealings; to bear no malice nor hatred in my heart; to keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering; to keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity; not to covet nor desire other men's goods; but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life into which it shall please God to lead me.
Question. My good child, know this, that you are not able to do these things of yourself alone, nor to walk in the commandments of God and to serve Him without His special grace; which you must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer. Let me hear, therefore, if you can say the Lord's Prayer?
Answer. Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.
Question. What do you ask of God in this prayer?
Answer. I ask my Lord God, our heavenly Father, who is the giver of all goodness, to send His grace unto me and to all people; that we may worship Him, serve Him, and obey Him, as we ought to do. And I pray unto God, that He will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies; and that He will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins; and that it will please Him to save and defend us in all dangers ghostly and bodily; and that He will keep us from all sin and wickedness. And this I trust He will do of His mercy and goodness, declared unto us by Jesus Christ. And therefore I say, Amen, So be it.
Question. Where does Jesus Christ teach us this Prayer?
Answer. In the Sermon on the Mount, which is found in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew.
Question. How does Jesus Christ begin this Sermon?
Answer. With words of blessing called the Beatitudes.
Question. What are they?
Answer. 1. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
2. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
3. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
4. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
5. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
6. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
7. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
8. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Question. What do you learn from these Beatitudes?
Answer. I learn that it is a good thing to be lowly in heart, to be sad at sin in myself and in the world, to

grieve at others' sorrows, to hunger and thirst after goodness, to be kind and pitiful, to be pure in my body and soul, to make peace among men, and to suffer for justice and truth.

Question. What else does Jesus Christ teach us?

Answer. He teaches us to love our enemies, to do good to them that hate us, and to try to be perfect as God is perfect.

Question. What is Public Worship?

Answer. It is meeting together as children of God, to think of Him as our Father, and of one another as brothers and sisters; to feel His presence, His goodness, and His love; to confess to Him our sins; to seek His forgiveness; to resolve to be more worthy of His mercies; to remember how much we have to be grateful for; to thank Him for life, and home, and friends, and heroes, for the beauty of the world, for our country, for work, for duty, for noble causes, for health and happiness, for trial and sadness that may be turned into blessings, and for sorrows that may bring us nearer to Him; and to praise Him with a glad and cheerful heart.

Question. What is a Free Church?

Answer. It is a Church where we may meet together for the Worship of God and the Service of man without insisting on agreement in doctrine.

Question. What is the reason of this?

Answer. The Worship of God and the Service of man are the chief things, and at heart they are the same from age to age; but doctrine changes with the growth of knowledge, and cannot be fixed in any final creed.

Question. What is Baptism?

Answer. It is an ancient Christian ceremony, welcoming children into the Church, in the spirit of the words of Jesus Christ, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Question. What else is it?

Answer. It is a solemn recognition by fathers and mothers and guardians that their children are God's children as well as theirs, and have divine capacities; and it is a prayerful acceptance by them of the holy duties of parentage or guardianship.

Question. What is its outward form?

Answer. Water; wherewith the child is baptised "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

Question. Where are these words to be found?

Answer. In the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, in the nineteenth verse.

Question. What do they mean?

Answer. They are a summary of the Christian belief in the Fatherhood of God, the Sonship of Man, and the Fellowship of the Spirit which makes man God's child.

Question. What is the Lord's Supper?

Answer. It is a service in memory of the last supper of Jesus Christ with His disciples.

Question. What is the meaning of the bread and wine?

Answer. They are symbols of the love and self-sacrifice of Jesus Christ and of his true followers.

Question. What, then, is expected of those who come to this service?

Answer. To examine themselves whether they are truly sorry for their former sins, and steadfastly purpose to lead a Christian life; to be in charity with all men; to realise the need and necessity of self-renunciation; to pray for strength to bear the cross laid upon them and their generation; and to thank God for the grace and truth which have come to them through Jesus Christ.

St. Swithin's Day.

This year St. Swithin was not at all certain of his own intentions, and used his watering-pot in a purposeless and undecided fashion. But St. Swithin has of late degenerated into something of an impostor. In his general moral aspect he still, no doubt, remains the "rich treasure of all virtues" which monkish biographers assert he used to be in the flesh and as good a "saint" as ever—though never having been canonised by a Pope he is really only a home-made saint—but as a barometer the venerable gentleman has of recent years been only so-so. Indeed, in the matter of rain-augury he has now fallen, in some parts of the country, far behind the woodpecker, and cannot, in Welsh estimation at any rate, compare for a moment with the Prophet Jones who, after an exemplary life as a minister, has left behind him in the Principality a reputation as an exemplary rain-predicter also. As a fact it will be found that the greatest number of rainy days have followed when St. Swithin was dry, and this, too, in spite of the saint having selected for his purpose a season of the year when such prognostications had all the meteorological odds in their favour. I would not on that account impute to the respected monk any wilful intention of trifling with the public, but at the same time would point out that should any modern Zadkiel prophesy cold weather for January, if it were cold on Christmas Day, there would not be sufficient audacity in the prediction to make its fulfilment a matter for any great enthusiasm. Yet St. Swithin's prophecy was almost as safe a one to venture on, for it appears from published observations that when spring is dry summer is as a rule wet, and that when spring is wet the summer is generally wetter still; so that any day will do for reckoning the forty days from as well as the 16th of July, or better, and it does not much matter either whether we reckon backwards or forwards. This saint, when on earth, which was scarcely a thousand years ago, was an ecclesiastic of

recognised ability, Privy Councillor to two kings, and tutor, it is said, to Alfred the Great. But he seems to have had a most unwholesome liking for the wet, for when he died he was buried, at his own request, out of doors, so that the sweet rain might fall upon him, while some chroniclers say that he was buried "beneath the eaves" so that he might constantly be dripped upon. Under the rain-spout he lay accordingly for nearly a hundred years, when St. Dunstan, who seems to have had an unconscionable habit of meddling in other people's affairs, covered his burial-place with a shrine, at which St. Swithin was so incensed that he caused a violent thunderstorm to burst over the heads of the company and to continue for forty days. And it was for this that he was made the Pluvial Saint of England, and July, his month, the month of augury. Yet if one date is to have the same weight as another, there is not a single month in the year that is not as rain-making as July. And besides St. Swithin there are eight other saints who claim the watering-pot. Each month in turn, as well as July, has been supposed to influence the weather of it successor, and these at any rate, Saints Matthew, Paul, Simon, Jude, Medard, Gervais, Martin and Goddieve, can claim equal powers. Moreover, observations of the rainfall have exposed St. Swithin's incompetence so completely, that if we must have an Aquarius in our calendar, why not try one in a later month, say St. Simon and St. Jude, who are two sloppy saints that fall together in October? If it does rain after that it can hardly make November worse than it is, while if it does not it will mend the month. This year St. Swithin christened the apples; not heartily, but sufficiently; and as all the other rustic rites which the proper culture of pippins demands have been complied with, the owners of orchards await the harvest of the trees with assured complacency. St. Barnaby sent the groves fair weather when the trees were in bud, and St. Dunstan let May pass without a blight. For it should be known that the pious blacksmith in his unregenerate days speculated in a brewery and made a corner in malt, intending to hold the market, and that Beelzebub came to him and offered, if the "saint" would sell himself to the Prince of Darkness, to blight all the apple-trees in the parishes around, so that there should be no cider in the country-side, and beer be more than ever in demand. Dunstan, it is said, agreed to this scandalous arrangement, and his purchaser straightway set forth and blighted all the orchards, for which reason St. Dunstan's Day is held to be a critical one for the trees which are then in full bloom. But this year passed without harm, and so did Frankum's Night, when the three witches in vindictive recollection of the abominable proceedings of one Frankum—who dabbled in Witchcraft himself, and tried to steal a march on his neighbours by his incantations and spells—are said to go round with a malevolent "pepper-box," and sprinkle mildew, smut, rot, canker, and every other noxious thing they can, upon the trees with the young fruit just reddening. Then came St. Swithin, the patron saint of umbrellas and goloshes; he too with judicious showers did his best for the orchards. So that blessed by all the saints of the calender who concern themselves with apples, the fruit-trees in the mellowing sunshine of September ought to fulfil the promise of their boughs. PHIL ROBINSON.

God's Fatherhood and Man's Brotherhood.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DAVID MACRAE.

1. *What is Man?* Man is the child of God.—Gen. i. 27; Psa. lxviii. 5; Isa. ix. 6; John iv. 23; 1 Cor. viii. 6; 2 Cor. i. 3; Heb. xii. 9.

2. *What is said in Gen. i. 27?* "So God created man in his own image: in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

3. *How does Christ teach us to address God?* As our Father in Heaven. Matt. vi. 9; Luke xi. 2.

4. *Is God our Father and our friend whatever men may think of us?* "Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: thou art our Father, our Redeemer."—Isa. lxiii. 16.

5. *If God is our Father, what are we to one another?* As children of one Father, we are brothers and sisters.—Matt. xviii. 14-15; Matt. xxiii. 8; 1 Timothy v. 2; Heb. xiii. 1; 1 Peter iii. 8; 1 John iv. 21.

6. *What is the duty we owe to God?* To love and obey him.—Deut. vi. 5, xiii. 4; Psa. xxxi. 23; Eccles. xii. 13; Malachi i. 6; Acts v. 29.

7. *Why is it wise to obey him in all things?* Because he never tells us to do anything but what is right and for our good.—Deut. ii. 7; Psa. xxiii.; Matt. vi. 8; Luke xi. 28; John viii. 12; Rom. viii. 28; Jas. i. 25.

8. *What is our duty to one another as brothers and sisters?* To love and serve one another.—Gal. v. 13;

1 John iv. 21; 1 Thes. v. 14; Matt. v. 43-48; Gal. vi. 2-10; Heb. vi. 10; Matt. xxv. 34-40; John xiii. 13-17.

9. *Where do we find Christ setting this forth as the sum of the law and the prophets?* In Matthew 22nd chapter, verse 37th to verse 40th.

10. *What does he say there about our duty to God?* "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."—Matt. xxii. 37, 38.

11. *What does he say about our duty to one another?* "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."—Matt. xxii. 39.

12. *What is sin?* Sin is the violation of our Heavenly Father's will; the doing of what we know to be wrong. —Gen. iii. 13; Gen. xlii. 21; 1 John iii. 4; 1 John v. 17; Jas. i. 14; Jas. iv. 17; Matt. xv. 13, 19; John iii. 19.

13. *What change does sin make in our relationship to God?* It turns us into his enemies: it fills us with guilty fear: it makes us try to get away from the very thought of him.—Gen. iii. 8; Rom. viii. 7; Isa. lix 2; Jer. v. 25; Heb. x. 27; Jas. iv. 3, 4.

14. *What change does sin make in our relationship to one another?* It turns man against his brother.—Gen. iv. 8; Psa. lxxiv. 20; Acts iii. 14; Titus iii 3.

15. *Describe what this leads to.* It leads people to be selfish and dishonest, to be unkind, and vicious, and cruel to one another. It leads to envy, malice, and evil speaking; to alienation and misery; to quarrelling, and often to bloodshed and war.—Mark vii. 21, 22; Psa. xxviii. 3; Prov. xxiii. 29, 30, xxiv. 1, 2; Rom. i. 29-32; Jas. iv. 1; 1 John iii. 12.

16. *What is the wages of sin?* The wages of sin is Death.—Jas. i. 15; Gen. ii. 17; Ezek. xviii. 4; Rom. vi. 23.

17. *What is the Gospel?* It is the good news of salvation.—Psa. lxxxix. 15; Isa. ix. 2, lii. 7; Luke i. 78, 79; John viii. 32; 1 Tim. i. 11, ii. 4; 2 Tim. i. 10.

18. *What is Salvation?* Salvation is deliverance from sin and its curse. It is deliverance from everything that turns us against God and against one another.— Matt. i. 21; 1 John iii. 5; Gal. i. 4; John iii. 16, 17; 2 Cor. vii. 10; Phil. ii. 12

19. *Is God willing to save us?* Yes; he calls upon even the worst to come back to him.—Ezek. xxxiii. 11; 1 Sam. xii. 20; Isa. i. 18; Matt. xi. 28; Matt. xxii. 9, 10; Mark xvi. 15; Luke ii. 10; 1 Tim. ii. 3, 4; Titus iii. 3, 5; Rev. iii. 17, 20, xxii. 17.

20. *Will he forgive us our sins?* Yes; if we turn from them with sincere repentance, for God delights in mercy. —Ezek. xviii. 21-23, 30, 31; Amos v. 15; Zech. i. 3; Acts ii. 38.

21. *What says the prophet Isaiah?* "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God for he will abundantly pardon."—Isa. lv. 7.

22. *Does Christ come to save us from God?* No; he comes to save us by bringing us to God.—2 Cor. v. 18, 19; Heb. vii. 25; 1 Peter v. 10; Psa. xxx. 5; Rom v. 1, 2, 10.

23. *How does he bring us to God?* By showing us that God is our Father, identifying himself with us, qearing our sins and sorrows in his own heart; by showing that God loved us from the first, and in spite of all our shameful disobedience and rebellion, and obstinacy and sin, loves us still.—Luke xv.; Isaiah lxiii. 9; Matt. viii. 17; Rom. v. 8; 1 John iv. 7-10.

24. *What is it to believe in Christ?* To believe in Christ is to trust him; it is to give our hearts to him, that he may make us like himself.—Matt. xi. 28, 29; John x. 4, 37, 38; Acts ix. 6; Rom. v. 1-4; 2 Tim. i. 12, ii. 12.

25. *How does that save us?* Because Christ is the express image of God; God's spirit revealing itself in humanity. To become like him is to become what we ought to be. It is to have the divine image restored; it is to come into our true relationship to God and to one another—loving and serving him, loving and delighting to serve one another.—Gen. i. 27; Rom. viii. 28, 29; Col. iii. 10-15; 1 John iii. 2; John xvii. 20-26; Micah iv. 1-5; Rev. xxi. 1-4.

Nestlings.

O little bird! sing sweet among the leaves,
Safe hid from sight, beside thy downy nest;
The rain falls, murmuring to the drooping eaves
A low refrain, that suits thy music best.
Sing sweet, O bird! thy recompense draws nigh—
Four callow nestlings 'neath the mother's wing,
So many flashing wings that by and by
Will cleave the sunny air. O sing, bird, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! Thy callow nestlings sleep,
Safe hidden 'neath a gracious folding Wing,
Until the time when, from their slumber deep,
They wake, and soar in beauty. Sing, heart, sing!)

O little bird! sing sweet. Though rain may fall,
And though thy callow brood thy care require,
Behind the rain-cloud, with its trailing pall,
Shineth undimmed the gracious golden fire.
Sing on, O bird! nor of the cloud take heed;
For thou art heritor of glorious Spring;
And every field is sacred to thy need—
The wealth, the beauty, thine. O sing, bird, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! sing on, though rain may pour;
Sing on; for unawares the winds will bring
A drift of sunshine to thy cottage door,
And arch the clouds with rainbows. Sing, heart, sing!)

O bird! sing sweet. What though the time be near
When thou shalt sit upon that swaying bough,
With no sweet mate, no nestling, by, to hear
The bubbling song thou sing'st to glad them now!
Thy task was done, fulfilled in sweet Spring days.
In golden Summer, when thy brood take wing,
Shalt thou not still have left a hymn of praise,
Because thy work is over? Sing, bird, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! What if thy birds have flown?
Thou hadst the joy of their awakening,
And thousand memories left thee for thine own;
Sing thou, for task accomplished. Sing, heart, sing!)

F. C. A.

The Worship of Athletics.

Ever since the Duke of Wellington violated common sense and history in order to offer an epigrammatic complaint to the playing-fields of his old school, and still more markedly within the last twenty years, the passion for athletics has laid hold of Englishmen with increasing vehemence and force. The idolatry of games which, comparatively few years ago, were peculiar to the public schools, has now spread to all classes alike, and boys and men in every town in the country are now found studying athletic records, and following feats of bat or ball, of foot or wheel, with the same absorbed intensity as an Eton or a Harrow boy. The interest in sport has become so universal and engrossing that in many quarters it seriously interferes with the real business of life. There are Sunday schools where the boys can talk of nothing but the previous day's football match and what they had "on." Cycling and boating in the summer breaks the habit of church-going on the part of thousands of young people, a habit which they do not resume in the winter, and there are many others who make success in games the principal object of their lives.

We would not have it thought that we are blind to the great usefulness of games. We need them more than any other nation, for, almost alone among great nations, we discountenance the exercise of arms. As a training in manliness and temper, sport and athletics are not easily surpassed. As a training in physical health, nothing comes near them. In this generation, when the rush of town life is increasing and the strain upon the nerves is growing greater every day, it is difficult to overestimate the value of anything which brings relief from worry or which encourages the breathing of fresh air. Games take boys from the streets into the fields. They train the body. They stimulate healthy living. They tell against loafing, against "taverning," as our ancestors politely called it, and against vice. They replace, for a time at least, the trashy newspaper, which is so hard at work blinding the eyes and vulgarising the minds of the rising generation. They fill with ideas of wholesome competition brains which might otherwise be busied with less wholesome thoughts. They provide amusement for a class of people—the young school teachers of East London are particularly in our mind—who take life with an awful seriousness, to balance which relaxation of any kind is urgently required. But the advantages of athletic exercises are so obvious and undeniable that they stand in no need of defence. We do not wonder that they command attention. We are heartily glad to see them prosecuted with vigour and enthusiasm upon every side. We rejoice to think that though sport on a great scale remains in civilised countries the special enjoyment of the few, games like cricket and football, exercises like rowing and running and cycling, have become common to every class alike. Even the evils of betting, which sport inevitably carries in its train, bad as they are, are slight compared with the advantages which these games confer. But, for all that, we can help feeling strongly that the tendency to make a fetish of athleticism has gone too far, and that it is well that our statesmen should remind us that there are many other better things in life than this.

The passion for health is a right thing, though even that may be carried too far; the passion for amusement is another thing, as to the rights of which we are by no means so clear. Yet the growth of this passion is, we suppose, at this moment the most noticeable thing in the life of the nation. It is visible not only in the limited class who make the pursuit of pleasure their sole object, but in the middle classes and the working classes too. People demand more holidays. People of comfortable means must go away from London, not only for a summer outing, as the old fashion was, but at Christmas and at Easter and at Whitsuntide, and whenever any pretext or opportunity occurs. Working men no longer remain at home on Sundays, but travel, as a matter of course, to see their friends. Servants no longer put by their savings against a rainy day, but spend them in taking a holiday at Margate. All classes alike expect more variety and amusement in their lives. Sundays are become holidays, in the sense in which they were holidays before the Puritan Revolution brought the Jewish Sabbath into favour with the English people—days when the Thames, from Goring downwards, is a vast regatta, and every road beset with whirring

wheels. Theatres grow, and the demand for them increases. Novels pour out upon the market, and the public for serious literature declines. Even in religion there must be something new and startling, and the result is the growth of ritualistic practices, to meet the restless appetite for change. Are we, we wonder, losing that character of grim sobriety which Scottish Presbyterianism first taught the English people? Are we less hardy, less simple, less reverent, less capable of bearing patiently the dull routine and labours of the day? Does this new passion for amusement, of which the glorification of all games is a sign, denote deterioration, a loss of patience and a loss of grit? We find it very difficult to say, and we are not prepared to be too pessimistic about it. No doubt the same changes have been noticed in other periods of English history. The Elizabethan age to many of us, perhaps, represents the fullest and most brilliant period of our national life. Yet the later Elizabethans were never tired of denouncing the rising generation for its insatiable love of pleasure, for its craving for novelty and change. The passion went so far then that it provoked the Puritan reaction, which for two generations plunged the gaiety of life in gloom. If the reigning passion for amusement goes now too far among us, we have little doubt that it will in the long run cure itself by some such reaction once again. Meanwhile, let us see that our schoolmasters and teachers, the men who, of all others, are bound to keep alight the lamp of study, and to inculcate the discipline of work, do not, in their respect for physical training, merely pander to the popular desire to be amused. The lot of the studious boy is never such an easy one that we can afford to make it harder than it is by laying down the doctrine that muscle is worth more than brains. The tendencies of human nature do not need to be encouraged to render play more popular than work. It is surely time, with all this glorification of athleticism round us, that some voices should be raised upon the other side.

If every year we would root out one vice, we should soon become perfect men.—*Thomas á Kempis.*

News from the Field.

SUMMER SERVICES AT COLWYN BAY AND RAMSAY.—Our Manchester friends have arranged to hold Sunday services at these popular watering places, from the end of July to the beginning of September. At Colwyn Bay the pier pavilion has been engaged, and at Ramsay a large hall near the centre of the town. We understand there will be morning services only.

WILLASTON SCHOOL.—The first annual speech day was held on Friday, July 4th, when a large number of visitors gathered together, in response to the invitation of the governors. The head master, Mr. Guy Lewis, in the course of an admirable address, espounded the four ideals of such a school. (1) To turn out good citizens; (2) To enable the boys to enter the Freemasonry of Culture wherever it exists; (3) To cultivate intellectual appreciations as a resource for a man in middle life and declining years; (4) To equip the scholars for a particular career.

THE EASTERN UNION held its annual meetings at Ipswich, on July 1st, the preacher being the Rev. R. H. Fuller, of Braintree. At the evening meeting the chair was taken by Mr. R. W. Ladell, of Norwich, and addresses were given by Miss E. M. Lawrence, Revs. C. D. Badland, R. H. Fuller, A. Amey, and A. Hall.

THE SOUTHERN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION celebrated its centenary by a successful meeting at Newport, South Wales. The report stated that a Twentieth Century Fund of £1000 had been raised and invested on behalf of the work of the Union. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, of Nottingham.

CREDITON.—The Rev. E. H. Ballard has resigned the pulpit of the Bowden-Hill Chapel.

CULLOMPTON.—The Rev. Jeffrey Worthington, B.A., has accepted the unanimous invitation of the congregation to the Cullompton pulpit.

SCARBOROUGH.—The Rev. Attwell Binns, late Congregational minister of Portland, has been appointed minister here.

BRISTOL (*Lewin's Mead Domestic Mission*).—Mr. J. B. Robinson has been appointed to the charge of this important mission.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

What are the Stars.

["Aunt Mary!" said a very little boy named Cecil W——, "I think I know all about the stars now. They are the little windows to let the 'golden streets' shine through! But I'm not so sure about the sun. Do you think God moves it up and down with a string, as I do my air-ball?"]

The little cheek is pressed to mine,
The little arms my neck entwine,
In hottest haste the questions flow;
Haphazard answers—"Yes, or No!"
For, far with fancy I had flown,
Musing on questions of my own.

But suddenly some words arrest
My wandering thoughts—for they are dressed
In sense and feeling, such as we
See oft displayed in infancy;
As if to childhood it were given
To get some nearer glimpse of heaven.

"I'm thinking of the stars and God;
I'm thinking of the 'bright abode,'
The 'golden streets' where angels wait;
Bright spirits at the 'golden gate;'
And if you like, I'll tell to you
Why I think stars come twinkling through!

'You say that heaven is always bright
With 'golden streets' and dazzling light,
With glory which no words can teach,
Or wildest flight of fancy reach!
So now, I think, I have found out
Why all the stars are spread about!

"While we are living here below,
God wishes us to see and know
A little of the glorious light;
But not too much to blind our sight—
'A tiny peep'—enough to show
Clearly the way we are to go.

"For this he spread a curtain out,
And here and there pierced holes about,
Small windows, in the lovely blue,
To let the 'golden light' shine through;
To show us what He has in store
For those who reach the happy shore!

"To teach us of what transient worth
Are all the passing things of earth;
That beauty such as meets us here,
Is nought to that which shall appear,
When, back! God's hand the curtain holds,
And *all* heaven's glorious light unfolds!

"I'm not so sure about the sun,
Or how *he* round the sky doth run;
Or how God makes him 'rules obey'—
To sleep by night, and wake by day!
I wonder if the God of All
Moves 'with a string' the shining ball?"

MARY HOLDEN.

Hushaby, Chrysalis.

Hushaby, Chrysalis!
Quietly sleep.
Come to the funeral:
Bury it deep.
Poor little chrysalis,
Shrivelled and dead!
Soft lie the snow on
Thy moss-covered bed!
Then when the sun comes,
The rain and the flowers,
Sweeping moss coverlets
Off in spring showers,
Out of the chrysalis
There will arise
Such a bright butterfly,
Blue as the skies,
Flying delighted,
With wings ever spread,
Far from the chrysalis
Withered and dead.
What a strange story!
And yet it is true.
Sleep little chrysalis:
Wake blossom blue!

ANNIE MATHESON.

A Lark's Song.

The summer time was over,
The grass grown thick and high;
The lark's voice sounded sweetly, still,
But no more from the sky.

He hovered o'er the grasses
And clover white and red,
And sang, oh! such a tender song,
I could have thought he said—

"The summer turns to autumn,
The grass must turn to hay;
And all the little ones I loved
Have long since flown away.

"I wish that I could see them!
The time has seemed so long
Since from our side they soared away
On wings both light and strong.

"I wonder would they know me,
If they should ever pass;
And would they find the little nest
So deep down in the grass?

"I think it might remind them
If they could hear me sing
This little tune—the favourite one
I sang them in the spring!"

ELLIS WALTON.